

## The Essay by kaaaaaaaos

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**Summary:** Steve Harrington is still recovering from fighting the demodogs and the shadow monster, however, high school has other plans for him. What happens when his English teacher assigns him a five-page paper with an overly excited brunette who tries to play it cool?

# 1. The Assignment

**Just a simple love story for the babysitter who won our hearts, Steve Harrington.**

## Chapter One: The Assignment

"Ah, yes, Mr. Harrington, you will be patterned with Miss. Taylor." Mr. Olin smiled and waved the piece of paper with their names on it in the air. "Now, for this assignment, you will have to write a five-page essay on Romeo and Juliet and their unfortunate demise. Sounds fun, no?" Steve rolled his eyes and shifted his attention towards Katie Taylor, a short but bubbly brunette. She smiled sheepishly at him, then quickly turned her focus back towards whatever Olin was rambling on about now. It was his senior year and yet he was still doing dumb, meaningless assignments that have no relation what so ever with the real world. Steve definitely had a nasty taste of the real world a few months ago when a freaking shadow monster tried to take over Hawkins. Even though Eleven had closed the gate, he kept his trusty bat in the trunk of his car under a couple of heavy blankets.

Suddenly, Steve was jolted out of his daydreaming when Murray, the rat-faced kid who sat behind him, poked him in the square of his back. Startled, he looked behind him and quickly caught the folded note Murray chucked in his direction. Quickly he unfolded it and read: "Meet me after class to discuss our essay. – KT". He smirked, happy that his partner was ready to work on it. Perhaps she might do most of the essay and let Steve sit back and relax. It was senior year, after all. It was Katie's too, but she seemed like a decent student who did not let senioritis get to her. He glanced over in her direction and began to notice things that he hadn't seen before. Her hair was pretty, a dark brown with glints of red every time the sun shined in through the window. Her eyes were a stark green, which stood out against her pale freckled skin. Her smile though, that was the real kicker. She seemed to smile with her eyes, and it lit up her whole face. Steve sighed, he had seen that somewhere else before.

Nancy. Shit. He still couldn't get her out of his head. He knew that he wasn't right for her, and let her go. He had done it angrily, but he

had indeed let her go. Instead, he turned into a freaking babysitter and got his ass kicked for a kid he barely knew. Anyways, babysitter Steve had turned into a part-time gig, especially with Dustin. He liked the little shit, even if he didn't admit it. It was kind of awkward hanging around Mike, with Nancy and all that. However, Jonathan and Steve had become decent friends; they liked the same music. Steve still felt pretty shitty about breaking Jonathan's camera a year or so ago, and even though he bought him a new one for Christmas last year, he gave Jonathan a nice camera. He and Jonathan pretty much ignored the whole Nancy subject, but Steve had a suspicion that they had hooked up while they were MIA. That was fun to deal with, especially since Billy the jackass found out. Steve was cheated on by a girl he ditched everything for, and he quickly found himself alone. Whatever, he doesn't necessarily need anyone. However, this Katie chick could be promising.

The bell rang, sending everyone scrambling for their belongings and rushing towards the door. Steve hung back, waiting for Katie outside of the classroom door. She smiled as she approached, and Steve noticed how small she truly was. He wasn't tall himself by any means, he was just barely short of 6 feet. But he definitely had ten or so inches on this girl. Her persona made her seem larger than life; she was hyper and bubbly. Her body looked muscular, she had solid thighs and arms that could probably beat the shit out of him if he stepped out of line. Katie was known for being a feminist, whatever that means.

"Hey, so I see you got my note." She said, smirking at him. He noticed that her smile was crooked, the right side of her mouth turned upwards more than her left.

"Yeah, I did," Steve shrugged, trying to play it cool. "So what were you thinking about for this project?"

"Well, five pages is pretty brutal, especially with it being the April of our senior year. So, we should probably start as soon as possible before I lose interest." She shook her head and chuckled to herself. She then looked up at him for his reply.

"Yeah, Olin's such a hoser. I'm free tonight if you wanna start now." Steve offered, however, he didn't really mean it. Who wants to start

an essay the day it's assigned? Katie's eyes light up, and Steve silently cursed himself. It was Friday night, and he basically just asked her on a date while revealing that he had no plans for a freaking Friday night.

"I could probably rearrange a couple things, how does 7:00 sound?" She was obviously trying to play it cool, but Steve knew every trick in the book. He decided to throw her a bone and accept. Whatever, she seemed like a decent girl.

Great. Now he had an essay to work on on a Friday night with an overly excited partner. He was irritated with himself, even though she was kind of cute...

## 2. Hugs?

### Chapter Two: Hugs?

Steve walked up the winding steps to Katie's house, grumbling to himself the whole way. Why did he agree to this? Yeah, he hadn't been laid in a couple months, but he had changed a lot from junior year. His best friend was now a toothless eighth grader, and his only friends at school were Jonathan and Nancy, even though he was pretty sure the last one was out of pity. Whatever. He knocked on her door and waited for a reply.

"Oh, hey Steve. Come on in." Katie motioned him inside. "Do you want something to drink?" He looked at her and nearly did a double take. She was in jeans and a form-fitting tank top, and when she turned her back towards him he couldn't make out a bra line.

"Uh, sure, some water." Steve glanced around the living room. It was pretty nice, they had a huge TV. He took a seat on the floral patterned couch and leaned back, thinking that maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Katie came back from the kitchen with two glasses of water and handed him a floral cup. They must really like flowers.

"So, where's your backpack?" She asked him, raising her eyebrows up. "Or at the very least, your copy of Romeo and Juliet?" Steve laughed sheepishly.

"You know I don't have one of those. It's senior year, baby! Who cares. Let's just half-ass this project and leave this stupid place behind us." He smirked and put his feet up on the coffee table to help solidify his point. She stared at him, debating whether or not be amused or frustrated. He grinned at her, flashing his pearly whites in her direction. Damn, he was hot. And he knew it too. Oh well, Romeo and Juliet can wait she thought.

"Fine, if we aren't going to work on this project then why did you suggest we start today?" She questioned, suddenly wondering if he meant this as a date. She had heard what people were saying about him; apparently, Nancy cheated on him with Jonathan Byers of all people. Katie had no problem with Jonathan, in fact, they were

friends. It was Nancy she wasn't so fond of. She had this insane moral compass and always treated you different if you did something she didn't approve of. Even though she went to parties and got wasted every once in a while. Total hypocrite. Anyways, Steve got knocked out of his throne when bad boy Billy showed up in town. He beat the shit out of Steve; he had two black eyes for nearly three weeks. Honestly, it was kind of sexy. The whole reason why Steve got his lights punched out was unclear, which intrigued Katie. Steve, in general, fascinated her.

Steve struggled to find an answer to her question. He wanted to sound cool but not like a douche. He was sick of that reputation and wanted to make a semi-better name for himself.

"Honestly? I thought you were hot and threw it out there." He seemed genuinely pleased with his answer. Katie's eyebrows shot up, she was completely caught off guard.

"Okay, yeah, no shit I'm hot. But what does that have to do with anything?" Her answer surprised Steve, usually whenever he said that girls would just melt into his arms.

"You seemed cool to hang out with, and I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm a little low on friends right now." He hung his head down, slightly embarrassed by what just came out of his mouth. Everyone knew he didn't have friends, so why was he self-conscious? Katie noticed his sudden shift from macho man to a vulnerable teenager and realized that maybe he wasn't just trying to get in her pants. She reached out her hand and laid it on top of his, trying to show some support.

"I'm always willing to make new friends. Why don't you tell me about yourself?" She said, trying to make conversation. He looked at her, almost confused by her question. He hadn't talked to someone intimately in a while, not since Nancy.

"Uh, well. I was born here; I really like basketball and sports in general. I-

"Let me stop you right there," she interrupted. "I meant about you you, not what you like. What are your goals and fear and desires?"

She smiled at him, her hand still on his.

"Uh, oh." He was becoming increasingly aware of her hand which was on his hand which was located on his upper thigh. "I guess my goal is to graduate college and start a family?"

"Steve Harrington, family man? Wow, I didn't see that one coming at all." She laughed for a moment, and then looked at him seriously. She seemed to study his face, and he had no clue where to look. He couldn't look down because then he'd notice that she wasn't wearing a freakin' bra. He ended up looking at her face, noticing how one eye had was bluer than the other. And her eyes weren't green at all. They were hazel in the middle, which was then surrounded by the color of the sea. "When was the last time you had a hug?" The question threw him off guard, and it showed on his face.

"Uh, I mean I hugged my mom a couple days ago?" She laughed, and shook her head at him. She took her hand off of his hand, and hugged him. He instantly melted into her, every muscle was relaxed. And, holy shit, she definitely was not wearing a bra. She pulled away after a couple of seconds but kept her face close to his.

"Feel better?" She asked, almost taunting him. Damn, this was going to be a long paper.

### 3. The Nice Guy's Plan

Hi guys! It's kaaaaaaos here, I see I have some followers! Thank y'all so much, I really appreciate it. Rated M for some smut and language. Don't forget to leave a review! Thanks again(:

#### Chapter Three: The Nice Guy's Plan

Katie's heart was racing, and her mind was going a million miles a minute. What the fuck was she doing? Steve Harrington was sitting right in front of her, basically begging for her to kiss him. He kept licking his lips and had even given her the stereotypical sexy lip bite. Screw this, she thought, then jumped into his lap and pulled him in for a kiss in one fluid motion. His body tensed up at first, clearly surprised at her sudden action. He then relaxed and put his strong hands on her lower back, bringing her in close. Katie somehow managed to wrap her legs around his waist and could feel his bulge straining against his tight jeans.

Holy shit, Steve thought. He could hardly comprehend what was going on. This chick said she wanted to be friends, asked him some deep questions and then jumps on him? Okay. That works. He silently prayed that she wouldn't put her fingers in his hair, she would probably get her ring stuck in all that hairspray. Katie slowly moved her way down his neck, lightly sucking and kissing the whole way. She reached his collarbone and started tracing circles on his pectoral with her fingers, her lips never leaving his neck. Damn this girl was good. He pulled her closer to him, using her butt as leverage. She took this as an invitation to grind her hips on him, swirling around on top of his very predominant boner. Steve was in heaven; he hadn't felt this good since... Nancy.

"Hey, uh, maybe we should slow down," Steve said as he pulled away from her, "not that it isn't fun, because I'm definitely having fun, but because I actually want to get to know you." He was torn between getting laid and staying on track to not be a total douche this year. He honestly only wanted something serious right now; not just some meaningless fling that he wouldn't remember in five years.

"Oh... yeah, okay. You actually want to get to know me?" Katie



asked, looking perplexed. She then climbed off of his lap and took a seat beside him, their legs still touching.

"Well, yeah. I know this will sound stupid and I understand that I can't fix what I did throughout high school, but I don't want to be known for my one and done's anymore." He began to glance around the room, obviously uncomfortable.

"Wow. And here I was, expecting an easy lay." Katie teased and poked him in the ribcage. "I'm kidding, sorry that wasn't tasteful. That's actually really sweet of you." She gently brought her hand to his face and turned it towards her, smiling.

"I just... I mean Nance really got to me." He forced himself to meet her gaze, which was kind and temperate. She looked at him knowingly and smiled.

"I understand. Do you want to talk about it?"

"Uh, I mean maybe that would help." She had let go of his face, therefore he was able to bring his head back towards the floor, clearly distraught. Katie gently pulled him into a hug, cradling him as if he were a baby. He leaned on her shoulder and allowed himself to sink into her.

"What happened between you two?" She asked, and began rubbing circles on his back in an attempt to soothe him.

He explained the whole bullshit fiasco, and how Nancy basically chose Jonathan over him. He had always kind of felt like a second choice compared to him, but he adored her so much that he repressed those feelings. When he was done he had tears glistening in his eyes, and his voice was breaking. He waited for Katie to say something, but she didn't. Instead, she just held him and allowed him to cry while slowly rubbing his back.

"I'm sorry. That's really shitty." She finally said after a couple minutes of silence. He sighed and rubbed his face before nuzzling back into her shoulder.

"Yeah. Love sucks. But honestly she made me a better person and I

want to continue being that."

"You are a good guy. I don't know any guy who would've talked to me about their feelings while sober. It's a good thing you can, it shows that you're different." She said softly and rearranged themselves so that they were both laying down on the couch, facing one another. He reached out his arms tenderly to grab her and bring her close; her head in the crook of his shoulder, and his arms wrapped around her waist. They slowly drifted off to sleep, each holding on tightly.

## 4. One Rule

Hi y'all! I'm so happy I got some favorites! I'll try to update every couple days or so, but I have a project due soon so it might be a few more days than I'd like between updates. This chapter is pretty smutty, sorry! And thanks for reading! Don't forget to follow and review!

### Chapter Four: One Rule

Katie woke up to the sound of Steve mumbling soft, incoherent words. She glanced over to see him passed out beside her, his arm draped over her torso, securing her body against his. She smiled to herself, shaking her head. Damn, she never thought she'd get to sleep with Steve Harrington. Well...more like next to Steve. He seemed like a genuine guy; he didn't immediately want to get in her pants, he actually wanted to get to know her first. Steve had also opened up to her way more than any other male ever had. Nancy definitely changed him, that's for sure. What was so special about her? Sure, she was pretty and could be decently nice, but what about her drove him crazy?

Steve began to stir in his sleep, jolting his head and twitching his face. It looked like he was having some sort of nightmare, he was thrashing around and mumbling louder.

"No, Dustin, get behind me. Damn demodog," Steve murmured angrily. What the hell is a demodog? Dustin? As in the middle schooler that Steve babysits? Katie debated on whether or not she should wake him up, and she decided that his rambling was quite entertaining, therefore, she was not going to wake him just yet. She slowly sat up and untangled herself from his arms so she could stretch out. Damn, she thought as she rubbed her neck, he is one fierce cuddler.

"Dustin, no, don't put it in the fridge, Mrs. Byers will not like that..." Steve slurred, and then rolled over closer to Katie. Mrs. Byers... as in Jonathan's mom? What was he doing dreaming about her? Katie had met her just once before, and as nice as Mrs. Byers was, she was a little kooky. But then again, if Katie's son had disappeared for a while

and was presumed dead, then yeah Katie would be a little peculiar too. What the hell was Steve dreaming about? She decided that she should wake him up, especially since it was almost midnight and she didn't know how strict his parents were. Her parents were away on vacation, which is why she didn't kick him out earlier.

"Hey, Steve?" She said as she lightly shook his shoulder. He groaned and turned away from her. She smirked and reached for the lamp on the table next to them and turned it on. He moaned and flipped over onto his stomach so that his face was shielded from the light.

"Dude, it's midnight. I'm not sure how your parents are but I don't think they'd like you coming home after twelve." She said softly, putting her lips beside his ear. He slowly sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"They're away," He said quietly, "I have the house to myself." He then looked around and realized that he had no clue where her parents were.

"Oh, no, they're gone on vacation for the next couple days. I'm alone." He smiled and reached out to hold her hand.

"Are your parents usually gone?" He asked gently and began rubbing circles on her hand with his thumb.

"Sometimes," she shrugged, "my mom works a lot, and when my dad does work he's out of town for a couple days." He nodded and gave her a knowing look.

"My folks are always gone," he said while he turned his attention towards his hands, which were both encasing Katie's right hand. "they are just so obsessed with one another, mostly jealously, that they tend to forget me."

"I'm sorry. That really sucks. How often are they gone?" She questioned. He shrugged and stared blankly at his hands.

"I dunno, probably a couple times a month for three or four days." She slid her hand out from underneath his and laid back down beside him, their faces nearly touching. He smiled gingerly at her and put

his hand on her face, cupping her cheek. His hands were rough and almost tickled her face, she giggled when he began to stroke her cheek bone.

"It sounds like they're out of town more than in," She stated, and wrapped her arm around his waist, pulling him closer to her. He nuzzled up to her and sighed.

"Yeah, they are. It can be pretty cool, I used to have parties and stuff..."

"What do you mean used to? Why don't you anymore?" Steve blushed and seemed embarrassed.

"Well," he had moved his hands away from her face and was shifting uncomfortably. "it's kind of hard when you don't have anyone to invite."

"I'll come," Katie said and reached for his hands, settling them on her sides. She reached out and ran her fingers through his hair. It was tacky and tough, and she almost immediately pulled her hands away and tried to nonchalantly cup his face. He laughed and shook his head, knowing how unsettling his hair felt.

"Really?" He asked her with these big brown puppy dog eyes. Instead of replying, she kissed him roughly. He kissed her back with passion, pulling her closer and running his hands up and down her body. She was definitely not wearing a bra. He slipped her hands under the bottom of her shirt and waited for a physical cue for him to continue. She shifted her chest closer to his, essentially begging him to keep going. He made his way up her torso and softly cupped her breasts; they were a nice handful. He began to tenderly squeeze them as she moaned into his mouth. Katie's hands slid under his shirt and made a tugging motion, implying that she wanted it off of him. He immediately complied, whipping his shirt off in one fluid motion, barely even pausing their kissing. She decided that it was only fair that hers came off two, so she pulled her tank top off and watched as he stared at her.

"What?" She asked, worried that something was wrong. Steve blinked at her, unable to take his eyes away.

"You're just, goddamn, you're gorgeous." She blushed and giggled a little. He smiled and pulled her off of the couch. He embraced her and whispered, "is there somewhere we can go that's a little roomier than the couch?"

She smirked and replied, "My bedroom is upstairs." She grabbed his hand and led him up the staircase, grinning the whole way.

Once they got to her room they wasted no time. Steve pulled off her pants and caressed her thighs lightly, which made her giggle. Katie helped him undo his own jeans and threw them in the corner before hopping into bed with him. They snuggled under the covers, exploring each other's body with their hands. He kissed her with desire and lust, getting rougher and rougher with every minute. She matched his energy and yanked off his boxer briefs before pulling down her own panties. Steve pulled away so that he could admire her.

"You are fucking beautiful." He breathed, and then went straight for her neck, sucking harshly. She moaned and moved her hand above his dick, waiting for a response. Steve thrust his hips forward, meeting her hand. She grasped him and began to slowly move her hand up and down. He moaned into her neck and subconsciously grinded his hips into her. Katie decided that she simply couldn't take it anymore.

"Steve, I need you." She moaned. He stopped kissing her neck and looked up at her, his eyes questioning.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." With that answer he slowly moved his way on top of her and spread her legs, caressing her face the entire time. He looked at her again, and she nodded, biting her lip in anticipation. He entered her and she moaned, arching her back. Steve kissed her lightly, then waited to make sure she was okay.

"Just fuck me," she said bossily. He smirked and shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay, but you asked for it." He began to rhythmically thrust into

her, causing her to yell out in pleasure. He went faster and faster, causing the bed to shake back and forth. Steve brought his hand down and began to massage her clit, which made her scream his name. After a few minutes Katie was shaking from orgasm, trying to catch her breath. He was not far behind, and spilled out onto her stomach.

"Oops," he grinned at the mess he made. She laughed and told him to go get some toilet paper from the bathroom. He cleaned her up and kissed her forehead lightly.

"Should I go?" he asked, feeling uncertain about spending the night with her. She just laughed at him and patted the space beside her in the bed.

"No, but I only have one rule." She said, smirking at him.

"Oh, what's that?" Steve questioned while climbing into bed.

"We sleep naked."